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NO. 1.

MICHAELMAS, 1917.

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The Academite.

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TOPS ETCADENITE.

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"TOPS ETCADENITE" THE APPENDITE.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSICO

The Academite.

An unofficial organ of the greater student body of the Royal Academy of Music, under the auspices of Section B of the R.A.M. Club and approved by the Curator.

Being a medium for the promotion of esprit de corps among the student body at large. To be published during each term.

No. 1. SIXPENCE.

Michaelmas Term, 1917.

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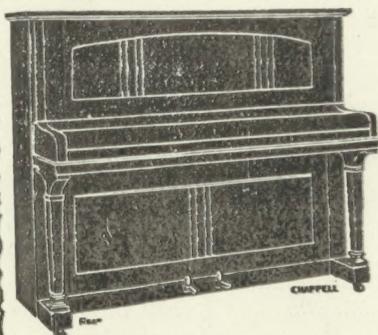
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A. C. MacBryde

Editorial.



REETINGS :

In introducing *The Academite* to the greater student body of the R.A.M., and all friends and lovers of art connected therewith, we do not lay claim to originality as far as the idea of the creation of an organ that would successfully interest the study body goes. One has only to look back into the early nineties to find *The Overture* a most successful student journal, then under the editorship of our present Curator, in full bloom, sparkling with wit, and vivacity. We feel highly honoured in being allowed to introduce into our first issue a reprint from that revered organ, and hope that we shall be able to revive the energetic journalistic spirit and interest which pervaded each issue of *The Overture*, and which, since the cessation of the same, has lain dormant; that is, as far as the greater student body is concerned.

Is it worth while ?

This is a question many critics of this issue will be asking, some, no doubt, on the ground that a publication of this sort, unofficially controlled, is inevitably short-lived. We need hardly state that it is owing to the fact that students are like :

“ Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing;
Only a signal shown, and a distant voice in the darkness.
So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another;
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence.”

Thus—upon the outgoing of those interested enough to give their time to a publication of this kind—it really ceases to be.

We are, however, sanguine enough to hope that this, our humble beginning, or, to be more accurate, our revival of a magazine interesting to the greater student body, will find a permanent place in the hearts, not only of the present constituency, but also in that of generations yet unborn.

Nevertheless, if this organ is precluded from acquiring the desired permanency as stated above, we will not think that our labour has been quite in vain if this one issue alone brings a few moments of respite to a weary traveller on the road of art, and, with an airy conscience, we may sing, in a major key, aloud and aloft :

“ Let me live in a house
By the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by;
They are good, they are bad,
They are rich, they are poor,
Wise, foolish, so am I.
Then why should I sit
In the scorner’s seat,
Or hurl the cynic’s ban?
Let me live in a house
By the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.”

How to make our Magazine a success.

There are two essentials necessary in making any production a great success, viz., first, the value of the product and the needs it supplies; and, secondly, the means of pushing the finished product to the issue desired, and thus accomplishing the object of its production. If the production does comply with the first essential, it commands of itself the second in many cases, but not always. In applying this bare analysis to our Magazine, we all must think of and make allowance for many things small in themselves, but which, if given the necessary thought and action, will make *The Academite* the great success it merits.

First of all the object of its production is worthy the attention of every one of the Academy students—to cultivate *esprit de corps* among the students. This we all know and feel to be a vital part of the Academy life, and is very necessary in such an institution as the Royal Academy of Music, and every student who takes pride in his or her studentship will do his or her part by taking a great interest in the medium which we hope will help to draw the students in closer contact with one another.

So my answer to the question, "How to make our Magazine a success?" is that *every* student of the Academy will buy a copy, and do all in his or her power to make it a success by pushing its sale, and it is only by all of us taking a great interest in its welfare that *The Academite* can be a great success. The Magazine is produced for you and we want you to see that you get one; also we would ask you to see that others buy one and that you will not rest until you, by your great effort, have achieved the object of its production. Remember that the success depends on us all, and that therefore every student should feel in honour bound that it is his or her duty to see this meritorious production brought to a successful issue.

WARWICK BRAITHWAITE.

R.A.M. Club (Branch B.)

Committee—Misses Ethel Bartlett, Gladys Chester, Cynthia Cox, Dorothy Howell, Eva Pain, and Margaret Portch; Messrs. Paul Beard, Sydney Ellis, Frederick Garrity, Ernest Hindley, Paul Kerby, and Russell Chester (Hon. Sec.).

The Committee will be really grateful to those members who pay their 1918 subscriptions promptly when due on Jan. 1st. Thus considerable time and expense will be saved and devoted to the social activities of the Club.

Please note that Sir Arthur Yapp's new scale of voluntary rations per week per head is as follows: meat, 2lb.; sugar, 8oz.; butter, fats, etc., 10oz.; bread (for sedentary workers), men, 4lb. 8oz.; women, 3lb. 8oz. These rations are more than ample for every R.A.M. student. Let all of us stick to them!

A Ballad: The Teacher.

Reprinted from "The Overture" of 1891, by kind permission of
Mr. F. Corder.

*Intended for the use of students. With hints for musical setting. All
rights quite unreserved.*

First verse.—*In a minor key.*

The teacher bent o'er his instrument
A-teaching a maiden fair;
Her eyes were blue and like gold the hue
Of her streaming auburn hair.
(Now get into the relative major; it isn't difficult.)
But the teacher thought (pray, believe me) nought
Of her charms who near him sat,
And his hair grew grey as he heard her play
In a chaos of sharp and flat.

(At the end of this line you will instinctively use a chord of the augmented sixth, even if you don't know what that is, landing yourself on the dominant of the original key ready for the refrain in the tonic major. Here it is—waltz time preferred.)

Hopeless! hopeless! O fingers sad to see!
O sounds of pain! O muddled brain
That knowe not A from B!

Second verse.—*In no particular key.*

(Here you just maunder about, dragging in all the nice chords you think you know—and don't.)

The bride sits lone in a house of her own,
Her master and lord away;
The hours, alas! but wearily pass,
How shall she get through the day?
A happy thought! (chord) her pianoforte!
(Excuse the rhyme.)
The teacher once more she seeks;
(Tremolando accompaniment.)
Commencing anew (verysoftissimo), for little she knew
From her feeble head soon leaks.

(Here you must make a mighty effort and get back, by fair means or foul, to the dominant of the original key, in order to introduce the refrain.)

Hopeless! Hopeless! O wrist of wooden make!
O fingers stiff that creak as if
They knew not scale nor shake!

(Now, of course, somebody must die. Shall it be the teacher or his pupil? The former is the more interesting. Here goes!)

Third Verse.—*Andante dismaloso.*

(With accompaniment of sustained chords low down in the bass.)

On a dying bed the teacher's head
 Moves restlessly to and fro,
 For angel choirs and harps with wires
 (They haven't wires, but that doesn't matter.)
 On his fainting senses grow.
 But the angels there are his pupils fair,

(Here begin your heavenly arpeggios, rising higher and higher.)

And as music above him streams
 Half the notes are wrong and the heav'ly throng
 Like a schoolgirl concert seems.

(Now work up to your climax. Common chords only allowed. If you can introduce an organ, so much the better.)

Hopeless! hopeless! Behold the teacher's goal!
 His life a curse, his death-bed worse;
 May Heav'n receive his soul!

(Plagal cadence.)

Bunkum.

Being the confessions of a might-have-been.

I really can't make out where the time has gone. I am fifty to-day, and yet I still don't seem to have done what I had meant to do. It's odd, but as many times as I have set out to do the great work which I felt I was to do, something has always balked me. I've begun countless times—in fact, I seem to have always been making beginnings, or working towards them, anyway—and it hasn't been for want of inspiration either. I've always seen to that. I started by gathering inspiration from every possible source. (Certainly, it took up lots of time—and money—but, of course, one must have inspiration!)

I've always worked on a system. I've even kept time-tables! Sometimes I think perhaps I've spent more time working out a system than working on it! And I got in with all the best artistic circles—people who brought out one's biggest desires to be great, even if they have never become famous themselves. Oh, it's a keen disappointment; but, there, I suppose it's Fate.

Of course, I was always very sensitive—people with the true artistic temperament invariably are—and I have often had to wait for the "mood" before I could do my best work. Someone once very rudely said to me, "Stop fooling about and get on with it"; but that kind of person is too coarse to understand the subtleties of the artist. Do you know, I'm always taken to be foreign, usually Russian, and I must own that right from the start I liked it. It made me feel less English and ordinary, don't you know? Of course, I dressed to suit my particular style, and even my rooms always managed to look "modern" and Bohemian. Indeed, I have always endeavoured to cultivate a style of my own, both in pianoforte performance and composition. I think it necessary to maintain a distinguished style if one wishes to impress a

public. In composing I have always tried to be original and effective. I should never have been satisfied to write on the lines of the composers before my time.

In performance, I must own, eccentricity always makes an audience more attentive. I refer to such little fastidious habits as how you sit and your movements at the keyboard, to say nothing of your facial expression, which, in *my* opinion, should convey all the emotion you are capable of. For instance, as you are well aware, one needs a far more poetic soul for the interpretation of the works of Chopin than for most of the other composers, and here I pride myself on that particular temperament needed to understand his compositions, and the instinctive knowledge of when to use Rubato and other such expression discreetly.

A brother of mine once sent me a cutting out of some article or other. I can never imagine why. I've got it here. Perhaps you could understand. It says: "There's no royal road. The true artist must get down to the job as it really is, and not as it looks, and even leave everything else for it, if he means to reach the goal. It is utterly useless playing the sentimental Chelsea-High-Art-stunt and letting the real thing slip from under one's fingers." Of course, if you knew my brother, you would realise why he cannot understand me. He's just a business man—you know the type—no feeling at all, only an eye to "making a success of things." I can never see how we came to belong to the same family; but, as Mr. William Shakespeare once said, "There are more things in heaven and earth," etc.

IVY HERBERT.

Esprit de Corps and the R.A.M

Few people will disagree with the statement that social spirit is necessary or even vital to the continued progress of a large academic institution. Few, however, know just how important the spirit is to themselves and their own future development.

We can assume that it is an accepted axiom, accepted by all of us, that to be a pianist, violinist, 'cellist, conductor or composer—of rank and value—we must be *musicians* first, and musicians we can only become by obtaining to the utmost of our only too limited human capabilities of space and time knowledge and experience of *all* classes and branches of music without regard to those we have chosen as our specialities, our careers. And even then there remain the infinite realms of the other arts and sciences. We cannot deeply study all of them; nay, we may not be able to get acquainted with many of them; but it is essential that we should show *interest* in everyone of them.

And that is where the social spirit comes in.

The pianist can learn a lot from the violinist, the violinist from the composer, the organist from the cymbal player, and—may I say?—even the singer will be able to learn something from the conductor—and vice versa, *of course*.

The R.A.M. is full of the most promising talents in every one of these branches of music, while there are not a few who have additional knowledge of the other arts and sciences. And it is the bounden duty of every student to enrich by a constant spiritual give and take between themselves, their knowledge, and—hand in hand with that—their understanding of music.

There is not a man in the whole range of musical history who has done anything of value by narrowing his interest and knowledge to the speciality in which he excelled and immortalised himself.

In short, in order to do valuable work in any subject of music, we must become good "all-round" musicians first; or beyond that even, as Mr. Bernard Shaw once said to the writer: "To become a great artist you must become a great man first."

The *esprit de corps*, the social intercourse between all classes and descriptions of students, is the best way to attain this aim.

Opportunities for such intercourse are but too few, but such as exist must be taken full advantage of. There is the R.A.M. Club, there is this most valuable magazine, and there is the newly-established Debating Society—all of which, needless to say, ought to have the most whole-hearted and enthusiastic support of every earnest and intellectual student of the Academy.

PAUL KERBY

The Academite.

Here's a health and long life to our new Magazine;
 The most brilliant production that London has seen.
 Its forbears are candles held up to our sun;
 They're eclipsed absolutely and dulled—every one.
 If R.A.M. Clubbers will please take a look
 They will see by how far we surpass their old book;
 For whereas that is cut and dried, staid, and precise,
 Abhorring all wit as a thing not quite "nice"—
 A plain record of facts, to convention a slave
 (The whole thing, in short, being dull as the grave);
 Ours is free and unfettered, and brimful of fun—
 We can joke about everything under the sun;
 Though also, of course, we've our serious side,
 With most interesting articles always supplied.
 You may read in our pages both fiction and fact,
 And if ever we tease, it is always with tact.
 So join me, I pray, in a good rousing cheer,
 Shouting "Jenkins Bravo!" till all London can hear.
 And in long after-years, though all else pass away,
 "The Academite" still will have honour and sway,
 And the Editor's name shall be blessed near and far—
 Three cheers for our Magazine, "Hip, hip, hurrah!"

CYNTHIA C. COX

SOCIAL

NOTES.



Everyone was pleased at the safe arrival of Messrs. Knott, Moore, and Peringer from South Africa, where they have been examining since August. Mr. Knott has always given willing help to Branch B of the R.A.M. Club, and will no doubt be interested in the two new enterprises (*The Academite* and the Debating Society) that have sprung up during his absence.

Mr. Eric Grant, former Hon. Secretary of the R.A.M. Club, has had his first leave from France. Another recent visitor to the Academy was Mr. Alfred Newton (H.A.C.), who is now in a Convalescent Hospital as a result of experiences in France.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Russell took a concert party to the Prince of Wales' Convalescent Hospital. While the third item was in progress an air raid warning was given. There being only a glass roof over the hall the authorities insisted on the programme being finished in one of the wards. Most of the numbers were gone through two or three times before the all-clear notice was given, the only drawback being a very bad piano.

Miss Ma Kiddier is giving a recital at Aeolian Hall on December 10th. She will be assisted by Mr. Plunket Greene.

There was a record attendance on Tuesday evening, Nov. 13th, when Branch B of the R.A.M. Club held a very successful social meeting. A short programme of music and recitations was followed by dancing. Mrs. Eileen Gray was the only past student who took part in the concert. Our best thanks are due to our clever Librarian, Mrs. Renaut, who undertook all arrangements for the dance music, and acquitted herself nobly at the piano.

Miss Bessie Kick is a very busy V.A.D. worker in Boulogne. That town was bombed recently by the Germans while a camp concert was in progress. All lights went out, but Miss Kick pluckily kept at the piano until the trouble was over.

Miss Myra Hess paid a welcome visit to the Academy on Oct. 16th. The many students who attended the orchestral practice that afternoon enjoyed to the full her fine performance of Mozart's Concerto in A.

The inaugural meeting of the Debating Society was held on Nov. 3rd with Mr. Kerby in the chair. A large number of students were present, and the interest displayed promises well for future meetings.

Miss Phyllis N. Parker, who has been to France several times with Miss Lena Ashwell's Concert Parties, is home for ten days' rest.

Mr. Roy Russell, who won the M.C. a few months ago, and who was wounded on Sept. 3rd, has left hospital, and will have three weeks' leave before resuming his military duties.

On Dec. 3rd 150 wounded Colonial soldiers are to be the guests of the Academy. A concert will be given by past and present students, and Mrs. Russell hopes that all Colonial students will help to serve tea afterwards.

Mr. Brian Nash has been on leave recently. He attended the Club Social and the first meeting of the Debating Society.

Two young artists from the Academy—Miss Ethel Bartlett and Mr. Giovanni Barbirolli—will join forces in a recital of piano and 'cello sonatas on Nov. 29th.

GLADYS CHESTER.

An Informal Introduction.

An instance of one of the many strange ways that one becomes acquainted with other Students.

It was a cold, dark day in December, and the hall of the Academy looked bright and cheerful, with chic girls flitting about, and a big blazing fire. As I came in, feeling very cold and very blue, I approached the fire to endeavour to warm my numb fingers, and noticed a girl, covered with furs and wraps, crouching there in a very undignified position. Having seen the girl often, and she having seen me equally as often, neither of us knew whether to speak or not, and we were becoming embarrassed, when with a sickly smile she looked at me and asked, "Are you cold?" in such a dismal voice and so pitifully that I almost felt my face to ascertain whether there were icicles on it. I replied in the affirmative. "So am I," she said, which was certainly unique considering her close proximity to the fire. "Do come closer," she said in a pleading voice, and presuming that she meant me to come closer to the fire, I complied, when I received another wan smile.

"Pooky, pooky, pooky! Oh, you little dear!" she exclaimed, which on my glancing up I found was not addressed to me, but to an unseen creature evidently concealed under her coat or somewhere. There came an answering squeak from this vicinity, and the girl said that poor little Fanny *did* get so cold in this weather. She then disclosed a diminutive dog, which was reposing in her muff, and had watery eyes like a fish. "There, my little duck-duck! Look! here's your uncle come to see you!" referring, presumably, to me. The little duck-duck didn't seem quite pleased to see his uncle, as she started to yap in a high treble voice and to jump up and down frantically, much to the improvement of the muff. "Naughty Fanny—naughty Fanny!" reproved her mistress, nearly falling in the fire in her efforts to calm Fanny; but in spite of this the dog continued to bark louder, until Hallett had to intervene with a "Silence in the hall, please! Silence! silence!" The duck-duck, taking an intense dislike to Hallett, leapt forward desperately, but was soon captured in his strong hands and handed to her blushing mistress. "Good-bye," said the girl to me. "See you again some day," and hastily retired in confusion, taking her noisy pet with her. Having thus been put into a good humour, I proceeded with my (imaginary) studies, feeling *grateful* to the *grate* and the fire in it and the girl and Fanny for cheering me upon this dreary winter day.

Since then Miss —— has become one of my greatest pals, though I often think with amusement of our first conversation.

A. L. SANDFORD.

Topical Rhyminiscences.

I.

Little Miss Muffet went to the buffet
 And asked for a nice cup of tea.
 She did without sugar, Mrs. Woodman beamed on her
 And said, "What a good girl is she!"

II.

Three fair maid's,
 Three fair maid's,
 See how they chum,
 See how they chum.
 They all run after the drum and fife,
 And vow they'll wage Cupid's war to the knife:
 Faith! I was never so shocked in my life

At three fair maid's.

III.—CHEW CHIN (C)HOW?

Sing a song of sixpence;
 What have you had for tea?
 Choice Oolong in a dainty cup
 Of tinkling china, sippety-sup,
 Sweetened with sugar, thickened with cream.
 Caviar, toast, a perfect dream!
 Tiny cress sandwiches, inches of cake.
 Fruits that, blushing, invite to partake.
 Then bonbons, praline à la midinette,
 And ices, and even a ciga—? S-s-s-h!

Sing a song of sixpence.
 What have I had for tea?
 Sing a song of sixpence,
 'Twas ordered by stern decree:
 Indian (cheap), in an old, crack'd cup.
 Bent spoon, odd saucer, sloppety-sup;
 No cream, just sugar enough for a bee:
 A round of toast, or a half nerd!
 If butter hath power to tempt me yet.
 For the rest, sweet confab with Ninette
 Over the cups and ciga— S-s-s-h!

RUSSELL E. CHESTER.

The Dramatic Class.

At least four performances are given every year by students of the Dramatic Class, under the able and much-appreciated direction of Mr. Acton Bond. The pleasure derived from this study is as great as could be imagined, and not less is the interest displayed in it by both professor and students. A proof of this is the extra rehearsals kindly held by Mr. Bond before each performance, and willingly attended at the cost of "week-ends," matinées, etc. These are beginning even now in order to obtain such efficiency in the forest scenes from "As You Like It" and the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," as was evident in Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" last term. Now here was something new and, incidentally, difficult. Indeed, special praise is due to Mr. Bond for affording to students an opportunity of gaining the unique and valuable knowledge which the study of old comedy provides, and which would otherwise be denied them owing to the absence these days of repertory companies. Real joy was experienced when the prompter's work diminished and Mr. Hardeastle's persistent evidences of gout, the extremely "degagée" manners of Mr. Hastings, and several individualities, as portrayed by Jeremy and others, did not tend to avert temporary collapses from sheer mirth on the part either of professor or other members of the cast. Alas! other work has called away half-a-dozen of these members, but new talent is forthcoming, so an excellent show is looked forward to at the end of term. Success to it!

AN EX-STUDENT.

A True Story.

From the Provinces.

His reputation was great.

"One of the most musical men in the district! Wife also musical, but not such an authority as he is, by jove!" So people criticised the pompous and learned looking individual who took his seat with an air of great superiority at the local Philharmonic concerts.

It was the principal night of the season when Richter came to conduct the orchestra, and the joy of the audience was increased to a point of ecstasy on discovering the last item on the programme to be Liszt's immortal Rhapsodie No. 2.

The Musical Man noted with approval that a seat in the row behind him was ticketed "Press," and proceeded to raise his voice for the benefit of its occupant, whom he observed making shorthand hieroglyphics in a note book. People sitting as far as three rows back had the benefit of his views on "depth" and "subtlety," and were duly awe-inspired. The critic only remained unmoved. He never glanced at the owner of the loud voice, and was apparently not even aware of the great man's proximity.

When the last item was about to be performed there was an excited stir through the hall, and the Musical Man whispered audibly to his wife that "now was the moment!" The good lady seemed a little puzzled on hearing the opening bars, seeing which her husband took special care to point out the chief themes to her in his analytical programme, and trusting to his superior knowledge she endeavoured to follow the explanations, though a slight air of wonderment remained upon her features to the end.

Glinded to desperation by his inability to impress the journalist, our musical friend at the close of the piece turned in his seat and addressed the offender in person.

"The finest performance of Liszt I ever heard in my life!" he said, enthusiastically.

The critic positively beamed, and for one short moment the soul of the great man was filled with an unknown pride and joy. Then—

"That was Mozart's Overture to Figaro," came the polite reply. "Richter often changes his programmes!"

DOROTHY HOWELL.

A Letter.

Young Men's Christian Association,

Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

13th November, 1917.

Dear Mr. Jenkins—

Woud you care to revive the concerts given by your fellow students of the Royal Academy of Music at our centre here, which you will remember hitherto were under the direction of Mr. Ainslie Murray?

We have a vacant date on the first Saturday in February, which we shall be pleased to put at your disposal.

May I take this opportunity of saying what a pleasure it has been to us to have the students from the Academy here from time to time, and if I may judge from the enthusiastic spirit displayed in the past, the pleasure is no less keen on the part of the students themselves. We shall be delighted to have you if it is at all possible for you to arrange it.

With kind regards and thanks in anticipation,

Yours very truly,

FRANK CARTER,

Secretary, London Central.

In acknowledging the receipt of the above, I am sure that I voiced the sentiments of everyone who has taken a part in past concerts at the Y.M.C.A. by assuring Mr. Carter that he is quite right in judging that "the pleasure is no less keen" on the part of those of us who have contributed our services on these occasions.

With regard to our renewing the acquaintance of the Central Y.M.C.A. in February, I may say that the Curator has signally shown his assent by allowing to be included on the programme (and, incidentally, the feature thereof) his masterly setting for full orchestra of the dramatic recitation, "Dagobert the Jester." Miss Carmen Judah, A.R.A.M., has consented to recite, Miss Gladys Chester will appear as solo violinist, and Miss Nancy Morgan as harpist. The programme will include Mr. A. L. Sandford's "Rustic Suite." At the time of writing vocalists for the occasion have not been approached.

E. T. J.

Music in Religion.

Of all the ancient and modern religions, I believe it is that of the Israelites which necessitates our attention as the mother of all religions: it is thus first in the field to receive our consideration. The development of music among the Israelites was parallel to that of poetry, since every poem was sung, and though very little account of this is given in documents, still it is right to believe that music was used largely in connection with Divine service. The occasions for music in religion were many, such as the celebrating of popular festivals by dancing and singing, the welcoming and greeting victorious generals by singing praise to God, and the celebration of marriages and feasts. On these occasions musical instruments were used also. The one great outstanding feature of religious music in olden days is that of the Temple services, where properly trained professional choirs sang Psalms and other hymns to the accompaniment of the trumpet, harp, or flutes, etc. What we understand by music and harmony was then unknown in those parts of the world where religions were first practised, and to those people "harmony might have been a most unpleasant noise, in which no sensible person could take pleasure." When instruments were played, or when people sang, one usually heard the same melody from all of them, either on the same notes or the octaves, or on some other consonant intervals. Again, since in old poetry (this also including the Psalms) there were no strophes, there must have been, comparatively speaking, great freedom and elasticity for melody, and it depended entirely on the performers to put as much into the melody as they pleased.

This kind of music was handed down at first orally among the various religious bodies, until among the Hebrews it was left entirely in the hands of one man to conduct the musical part of the religious service. He was (and still is) called the Hazzan, or Precentor, and had to adapt a motive to suit the structure of the sentence he was reading, and here he was in no way bound to any definite rhythm or form, but was free to treat it as he pleased, so long as it was compatible with the meaning of the sentence and finished up in the required "gust" or mode. In this he is helped to a large extent by a number of different scale forms, which were handed down from the ancient, such as are usually perceived in the plain singing of the Armenian, Byzantine, and Catholic Churches. The music, therefore, of the Israelites of the present day draws not only from the sources of Christianity, but also from those sources from which there originated the Hungarian-Wallachian gipsy melody and the music of the Perso-Arab system. The Synagogue has developed a system of religious music called Hazzonuth, or the traditional style of absolutely free vocal rendering of a psalm or verse piece, which differs greatly from the music of the modern European schools, since the Synagogue never developed the choral participation in its services so quickly as the Church did. In course of time a tradition was developed in Hebrew religious music which is still in existence, and which is beautiful, though rather quaint to listen to, notwithstanding the fact that various popular airs of the different ages have been added to this "tradition" at the various stages in its development.

The foregoing few words will, perhaps, help slightly to show us what ancient religious music was, though in so small an article it is impossible to treat more than one aspect of the subject with anything like the fulness and precision which one would care to do.

SYDNEY M. ELLIS.

A Sonnet.

Sweet maid of flowing locks, light-footed Grace!
 With arms and cheeks oft kissed by kindly sun,
 And smiles and laughter ready e'er to run
 And match thy light heart in a merry chase,
 Last e'en you chid me that I showed no trace
 Of ruby's ardent glow, and liked, in fun,
 As to an amethyst my humour dun
 And sober mien.—Ah, cruel! know my case:
 To gain thy favour, I would strive to be
 E'en as the rarest gem e'er toil and art
 Brought from out Nature's breast in far countree.
 Yet still content if but, in meaner part
 Of pebble washed and worn by Life's rough sea,
 My casket be the strong-room of thy heart.

R. E. C.

The R.A.M. Last Term.

A Brief Retrospect.

The first difficulty that presents itself in writing of last term is that I have no diary of last term's doings. Having had no idea at the time of giving vent to journalistic impressions, I paid no particular attention to anything that happened; in which case what I write will be furnished by a memory which, at the time of the events, laid no special stress upon its functions—students of psychology would no doubt call this the post-recognitive faculty. In consideration of the above explanation, I must in advance apologise for all inevitable incohesiveness, and, perhaps, a greater fault, uninterestingness.

At the opening of the midsummer term everybody was rather anxious as to the probable results of the elements exam., which occurred at the end of the preceding term. After being gratified (and some dissatisfied) in this direction, everybody turned their attention to technical spanning (and some, technical cramming—please pardon the "sense" in consideration of my desired "sequence"). In passing rooms where strains of Chopin, St. Säens, and Debussy were wont to steal through the keyholes, and further along, where Beethoven, Bach, and Brahms made themselves felt by sheer force (in spite of the double doors and windows!) one could hear nothing now but scales in every imaginable and unimaginable form. From the one stole leggiero double thirds, interspersed with a few whole tone scales; from the other, octave passages in all diatonic modes, contrary and every other direction (one was inclined to feel that not a few fingers were misdirected) almost distracted the victim passing along—I came near saying "No man's land," but to say that would be to infer that the sounds were like unto machine-guns, and that is not an inference that I care to make, so I shall simply say—the corridor.

Harmony students were quite as excited. An instance of which is an overheard one-sided dialogue between a certain master and pupil, as follows: Master: "Now modulate from G major to D flat minor." Here I think we must be as generous as the master and give the student about two minutes in which to do so. Two minutes up. Master: "Yes, you have got there all right, but for the octaves and fifths in the left hand. Try again." Student makes another attempt, gets stuck. begins filling up atrociously, and continues to get farther away from his destination. "There," cried the professor, in pain unspeakable, as the result of octaves, fifths, unresolved sevenths, etc., which the student used in a final desperate effort to fling himself into D flat minor; "there, don't leave it to your fingers to feel your way into the keys, because they, in themselves, are not so very clever."

In the meantime the vocalists were in their glory, all of whom were confined to more limited quarters, and, in common parlance, a jolly good job too—for which we all, with the possible exception of the singers themselves, feel indebted to Messrs. Hallet, Cox, and the ever considerate Green, for their vigorous enforcement of this phase of academic civilisation. To repeat, the vocalists were in their glory, especially those who could boast a top C, to say nothing of the florid songsters, or, perhaps, I should say, songstresses.

The elocution students may be said to have been the less objectionable of the whole in their method of study, if one would only except seeing students of this department going about solitarily, with a slow pace, an open volume, and a serious countenance, with face at intervals turned skywards in a brown study. One could hardly help thinking of what they read of the early Franciscan monks and their serene countenance, as these contrasted pupils were seen passing slowly to and fro in the corridor, trying to indelibly imprint upon their memory a passage from, say, Shakespeare, or, to be quite modern, Kipling or Brooke. The above concerns principally the passive elocutionists. The dramatic ones kept well to the meaning of the term itself. In passing a room on the fifth floor (the rooms here have only single doors), a cry of "Help, help, my husband!" then a very artificial imitation of sobbing (perhaps out of fear of having to re-powder if the unhappy tears were to subconsciously flow), and "See, see, the blood on his silver lining!" Looking around, I saw a fireman, evidently a new man on the job, tearing up to this room for all he was worth. Luckily, I saved the student an interruption by intercepting and explaining the circumstance to him. He seemed very disappointed, the cause of which I found out afterwards. It appears that he was discharged the service with honour, having been awarded the V.C. under Earl Kitchener's regime.

With the violinists, 'cellists, and other orchestral executants space forbids me to deal in extenso. Let it suffice to say in regard to them that arpeggi and scales were resorted to after every item during the orchestral rehearsals, and it is a marvel to me how Sir Alexander got them to understand what was the next piece to be tried. Technique was certainly "in the atmosphere."

As this is only supposed to be a brief *résumé*, I must ask that the above be accepted as a fair example of the *esprit* of last term. Of course, the fortnightlies, cyeratic, dramatic and chamber concerts, and orchestral rehearsals carried on as usual. Pressure of time and space prevent fuller detail.

Now we come to the examination week. Enough said! Before this week came to a close there was another repetition of the prophetic vision as proclaimed by—is it Isaiah?—and, indeed, it was a veritable “wailing and gnashing of teeth” that some gave vent to. The form of the above scene, in conformity with modern tendency, took the shape of an expression of one word (reiterated *ad lib.*), which contains only four letters, the initial one being—well, perhaps that letter is best left to the “guess who,” or, rather, in this instance, the “guess what” column, in order that we may not shock the younger members of the fair sex, a few of whom, it has been said, occasionally indulge in the use of this term, in a manner that would be indicated as “con molto timoroso” in music.

The week following the exam forty-eight or more students were indebted to Mr. Russell Chester, the secretary of Branch B of the R.A.M. Club, for his wise foresight in having planned an outing at Hampton Court. The weather was ideal for the occasion, and the picnic reported to have been a great success.

At this point I must confess that I am in the same plight as the harmony student as described above. I am stuck, and don't know quite how to continue this narrative; therefore I shall make a desperate effort to close by saying that in due course the orchestral concert occurred.

The climax of the term was the prize distribution at Queen's Hall, at which Lady Wolverton distributed the awards. Without going into details concerning the proceedings, and thereby becoming more or less personal, I shall make a full cadence by saying that the first part of the programme consisted of some charming musical numbers, after which the Principal gave his annual address. The Lady Wolverton then distributed the awards, and, in the words of the fairy tale, everybody was happy ever after—*more or less.*

THE EDITOR.

Notices.

Matter.

In view of the fact that we want this magazine to be not only in name but in deed a medium of expression for the greater student body, the Editor cordially invites everybody who feels inclined to send in articles, short stories, poems, and, in brief, anything that would be of interest to the student body. No matter how small the contribution, it will be appreciated. Contributions may be handed to any member of the staff. All matter sent in should be written on one side of the paper only, and if typewritten so much the better. The selecting of what articles shall be printed is governed by the space available, and is vested in the Editor and his associates.

Staff Meeting.

On December 8th, the initial meeting of the staff of *The Academite* will take place at half-past four in Room 11. A light tea will be served, after which the General Secretary will read his report. A short discussion of plans for subsequent issues will then ensue. It is imperative that all staff officials be present on this occasion.

A Passing Note.

We regret to record a sad scene witnessed by us the other day. Passing along one of the passages in the R.A.M., our attention was arrested by a number of crashes, succeeded by loud and prolonged cries. Hastening in the direction of the sounds, we witnessed a sanguinary battle proceeding in one of the rooms. We were just in time to rescue an unfortunate youth from the clutches of an infuriated young lady student, undoubtedly thus preventing the youth's untimely demise. Miss — was at once seized, and summoned to an interrogatory by the Principal, the Curator, and a jury drawn from the Council and the Professional Staff. Miss — admitted that she had been a trifle over-vehement, but pleaded severe provocation. The jury were at first inclined to be unsympathetic, but Miss —'s moving story of how she had favoured the youth with a spirited and passionate rendering of her latest MS. *Sonata Apassionata Furiosa*, and how the aforesaid youth had not only been entirely unmoved by the work and performance, but had even ventured to remark at its conclusion, "How very pretty"— melted the most stubborn heart; many professors were reduced to tears, and the entire court pressed to be allowed to shake her hand. The Principal having delivered a short homily on the beauty of magnanimity, sympathised heartily with Miss —, who thus left the court without a stain upon her character. The youth, we are glad to add, though badly mauled, is progressing favourably, and hopes to resume his studies as usual after Christmas.

C. C. C.

A DISCORD.

Mrs. Knagg—You should stop fiddling away your time.
Knagg—And you harping on one string.

VAIN ATTEMPT.

Urchin—What's the time, mister?
Gentleman (to teach politeness)—If what? If what, my boy?
Urchin—If yer got a watch.

From the *Boston Transcript*.

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Guess Who?

The Editor wishes to make it plain that he considers himself absolved from any responsibility regarding possible ambiguous statements occurring in this column. All those who are very sensitive, nervy, ultra serious, ultra pious, or evil-minded, brainy, or slow-witted, or even critical, and especially self-conscious, are advised to skip this page.

GUESS who is the new student of last term that was taken by some for the celebrated Miss Gladys Cooper?

GUESS what recent highly successful social function was reminiscent to some of a Sunday school treat?

GUESS who boasts the knowledge of every popular song that has been produced in musical comedy, revue, and music-hall turn within the last three years?

GUESS who thought the aerial torpedo that was fired from the Zeppelin over F——— was an "All clear" signal?

GUESS who is guilty of having sought shelter from the air raid in the Tube for the greater part of the night, despite the fact that there was a continuous downpour of rain.

GUESS what student has had to undergo a rather subtle accusation of being condescending in the matter of accompanying?

GUESS who has the immodest knack of angling for compliments?

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Guess Who ?

GUESS who is the student that said, in the pianistic world, he cared only for the playing of Mark Hambourg and that of himself?

GUESS who is the student and devotee of dramatic art that has openly made the startling confession that she was not musical—and without a blush!

GUESS what is the latest dodge of R.A.M. flappers when their nineteenth (?) summer draws nigh?

GUESS what section of the orchestra was told by the Principal, after he had pulled them up over a difficult passage, that it was "all right now, saving the time and the notes"?

GUESS from what original source the following idea is taken?

Conservative Modernist: "Do you like Strauss?"

More or less Liberal-minded Modernist: "Yes, if only for the one reason that he makes Wagner so melodious."

GUESS who constitute the party that tried to have one of the corner tables in the refreshment room reserved for the entire term?

GUESS who are the "aeroplane girls"?

GUESS which of the above has had the record of having been in an aeroplane, a Tank, and even a submarine?

GUESS what composition student of rustic fame was unable to tell what the programme of pictures was at the cinema the other night? His excuse was that he (they?) was (were?) too far in the rear to see.

GUESS who constitute the Australian quartet?

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